



4728-A SKYWALD
HORRORWOOD
MAGAZINE

SL™

ALL-NEW 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL

THE 1975

NIGHTMARE

WINTER SPECIAL

T.M.

SNAKEWIZARD

ALL NEW HORRORS

THE HUMAN DEAD
vs.
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES
plus

THE VAMPIRE FREAKS

DEATHWALK!

and

Fistful of Flesh

ALL NEW HORRORS
THE 1975
WINTER-SPECIAL
YEARBOOK



ALL NEW HORROR
STORIES AND FEATURES

Within the
dungeons of
CASTLE DRACULA
*the Fiend of
Changsha!*
plus
**MONSTER
MONSTER**

PSYCHO

GENE DAY

NIGHTMARE

NO. 23 FEBRUARY 1978

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The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE army mailer — THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 4, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD on page 9, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works . . . page 10

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TRADITION is intended to dismiss rugged individualism . . . but traditions are laws, and laws are meant to be broken . . . page 18

Deathwalk

A walk straight into the fiery gates of eternal damnation . . . page 26

Vampire Freaks

When a freak tries to be a nice guy he sometimes gets stamped on — when a whole gang of freaks try the WHOLE WORLD seems to stamp on them . . . page 38

Fistful of Flesh

In a court of law any place to KILL a man? What if the man isn't a man at all but is a CRIMINAL VAMPIRE . . . page 52

Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new horror character series by Augustine Funnell — a hairy event . . . page 68



THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES



I am the creation not of God, nor of a Satan, but of man . . .

. . . In a year very long ago, a sculptor took a stone block and formed me from it . . . I remember sounds first . . . of chipping rock, falling like rain to the ground around me. It was an incomprehensible sound then, for my faculty to reason was not yet born; only my mind knew life, only my spirit and soul breathed air as it passed around and about me. When my eyes were cut by the sculptor's hands the world entered me in a flood of light that seemed to me so strange, yet so assuming . . .

. . . I have since reached the year of my conception to be 1427, but of my creator's name I have no knowledge. My reason for being, however, is definite, for it, and a smaller other, were made to be affixed to a cathedral in Friedburg, Germany; there to perform as water-spouts to protect the rain, which collected in the roof gutters, away from the walls of the structure. We were so close together on our ledge, the other gargoyle and I, that another singular reason for our being becomes apparent; that we were placed so close suggests we were also ORNAMENTS, sculptured with unusual features and to an odd size, . . . it might be apparent to a student or a fencer of gargoyley that I was a MALE, and the other, smaller, stone fabrication a FEMALE . . .

. . . we learned language, foreign and colloquial, from the cathedral priests who came to sit nearby on our ledge to read, and then to talk. They remembered their lives as youths and talked often of the world and what they had seen in it . . . we learned war when tempests rolled into the square beneath us . . . and indignity when shot at by drunken soldiers . . . we were exposed to God's elements, and learned to love their many expressions, whether storm or calm, or the black night or the white day . . . the tickle companions, they were its constant as the priests in attending our endless sojourn atop that parapet . . .

. . . we were removed when the cathedral became a jungle to the Huns, and the priests selected a sublime electrical neon cross to our apoplectic constancy . . . we were roughly ripped from our perch and tossed into a stone mortuary in amongst the church's adjoining old graves . . . and there — when the Gods became angry at the worship of Satan by demonic cultists; there — where man conjured HELL to come unto them; there — we BREATHED and BEGAN a gifted LIFE . . . purposefully RE-BORN, I am convinced, to demonstrate not only God's mighty works but the eternally negative disposition of EVIL . . .

. . . now alive as a human is alive, (or in a somewhat skin circumstance) and mated to the small one I named Muse who perched beside me, and somehow father to Andrew — born of our mating, I — Edward Sartros — a jealous and self-righteous person, live only to battle evil and its denizens; exist only to be poked at every turn by Satan's icy claws; I find triumph only in oppression, solace only when with those I love, respite only when I sleep, and experience optimism only as a realization of the wretched alternative to my present circumstance . . .

. . . I am not a WRETCH, but neither am I HAPPY — I am not fully alive because to be so is to be recognized as such — I AM what I AM . . . end the deepest enology is suggested: HUMAN GARGOYLE . . .

. . . I wish only to be left alone to myself and to those I love, but I doubt that to be my destiny, for BOBIN of HORROR I know I am to DIE OF HORROR . . . and what there is in store for me between those extreme moments seems predetermined only by Satan . . . and I know, that SATAN IS HORROR . . .

...A long night in the saga of

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES



MIDNIGHT
UPON CASTLE
SARTORIUS...



WITHIN,
A CHILD
SLEEPS...

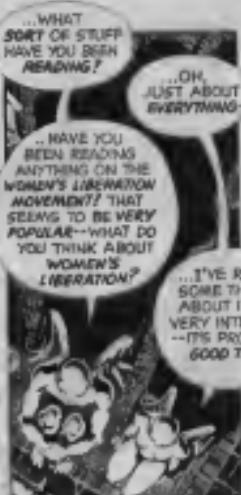


-PROTECTED BY HIS MOTHER
FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE--
PROTECTIVE BY HIS FATHER,
FROM THE FORCES OF ANOTHER
WORLD ALONGSIDE HIM, ONE RULED
BY THE NIGHTMARE ENERGY OF
THE SARTORIUS FAMILY.



-THE AGAMORE SARTORIUS--WHO WATCHES
THEIR EVERY MOVE--WHO GRINS A GROTESQUE,
EVIL GRIN EVERY FEW MOMENTS, AS HE THINKS
UP GAMES TO PLAY UPON EWARD, INNA, AND
ANDREW SARTORIUS--THREE HUMAN BEINGS
(ALBET CREATED OF STONE AND SOFT MARBLE)
WHO ONLY WANT A WEE BIT OF NORMALITY
TO THEIR TORMENTED LIVES...





THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS THE HUMAN DEAD

EDWARD SARTYROS SEEKS TO BE OF THE OPINION THAT I HAVE A ONE-TRACK-MIND--HE SEEKS TO THINK MY SOLE DESIGN IN RENDERING ENEMIES TO BATTLE HIM (MONSTERS ALWAYS EASILY DEFEATED) HAS BEEN TO EMBARRASS HIM WITH AUTHORITIES, TO THwart HIS STRUGGLE TO BECOME HUMAN...

...THIS IS NOT SO, IS IT MY PET?

WHAT FOOLS THOSE GARGOYLES BE!

LIKE ALL BEINGS ON THIS EARTH, HUMAN OR NOT, EDWARD SARTYROS SEEKS HIMSELF AS THE CENTER OF ATTENTION--AS THE FOCUS OF MY ACTIVITIES, IN PARTICULAR--EDWARD SARTYROS HAS POMPOUSLY MADE THE PUBLIC, EN MASSE, AWARE OF HIS CONTINUAL BATTLES WITH THE LIVING SATAN, IN HIS IDIOTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY--NOW THE PUBLIC RESPECTS HIM, AND WHAT HE Says IS MADE BELIEVABLE--

--SO NOW PHASE TWO OF MY DESIGNS BEGUN...

THE END OF ALL THIS, UNBEKNOWN TO EVEN THE MOST ANALYTICAL OBSERVER, OF MY QUINT MELODRAMA WITH SARTYROS, IS THE ABSOLUTE REPARATION OF MY EXISTENCE...

...I DO NOT WANT PEOPLE TO BELIEVE I EXIST! --WHEN THEY BELIEVE I EXIST THEY HAVE THE OPTION TO REACT ME--TO OFFER OPTIONS IS HARDLY MY STYLE!

SO, MY PET, IN SHORT, EDWARD SARTYROS, THE RESPONDED PUBLIC FIGURE--THE NOTORIOUS PUBLIC DEFENDER IN THE WORDLY NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST ME, SHALL IN THE END--DENY MY EXISTENCE...

I CREATED HIM TO SERVE MY PURPOSES-- WHEN MY PURPOSES ARE SERVED, I SHALL DESTROY HIM, AS EASILY AS I GAVE HIM LIFE!



...BUT TONIGHT
I AM IN A MOOD FOR
SOME FUN--IMPERTINENCE
TO MY PLANS--FOR I AM
ONE TO ENJOY FUN EVERY
NOW AND THEN. (AND
WHERE IS THE FUN WHEN
THERE IS PURPOSE?)

...THIS WILL CONFUSE
EDWARD SARTYROS COMPLETELY!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

--SO--FOR THE
SAKE OF FUN-- I
RAISE ALL THE DEAD IN
THESE GROUNDS--THE MIND-
LESS CORPSE AWAKES. (MIND-
LESS, FOR THEIR SPIRITS ARE
ALREADY LONG DEPARTED TO
HEAVEN OR HELL)--AND
SHALL CAUSE THEM TO
ATTACK THE SARTYROS
FAMILY...

RISE UP--RISE
UP HUMAN DEAD!!
AND DO BATTLE WITH
THE HUMAN
GARGOYLES!!



I NOTICED SOME GRAVES TODAY--
IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS--

THE REAL
ESTATE AGENT TELLS
ME THE GRAVEYARD
SECTION IS NOT MY PROPERTY--
IT IS OWNED BY THE
NEARBY TOWN--PRUVERS AND
UNKNOWN--PERSONS ARE BURIED
THERE--PERSONS OF NO
CONSEQUENCE OR OF
HIGH CONSEQUENCE.

NO-
CONSEQUENCE?
WHAT A MORON
EXPRESSION! IS THERE
ANY ANUMAN OF NO-
CONSEQUENCE?

NO,
EVERY MAN
HAS GREAT
WORTH!

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO GO
UP TO BED NOW,
EDWARD?

NOT JUST
YET, I LIKE
WATCHING THE
FIRE!

...WHILE YOU
WERE FOOD-
SHOPPING TODAY I
TOOK ANDREW FOR
AN A&W ROOT
BEER....

...DID HE ENJOY
IT?

...HE SAID
HE DID--HE
CALLED IT
"ROOT BEER..."

PERSONALLY
I DETEST
ROOT BEER!

OH, MY
GOD,
EDWARD!!

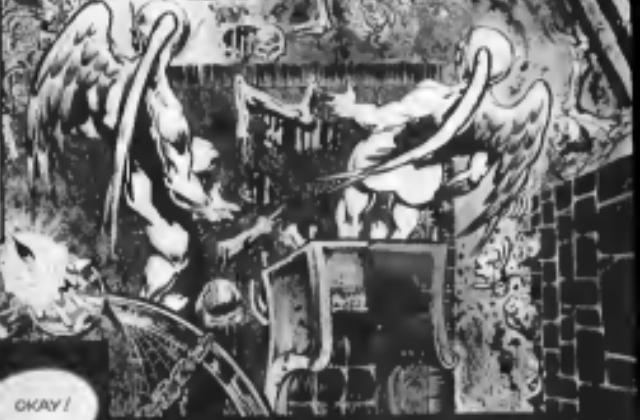
TAKE YOUR
HANDS OFF
MY WIFE!





...I DON'T
KNOW WHAT ALL
THAT WAS ABOUT.
SOME SORT
OF FOOLISH
JOKE..."

...LOOK AT
THIS MESS!
THE WHOLE ROOM
IS COVERED IN
FLESH AND BONE
AND MUD!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL
CLEAN IT UP--
PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD SEE THAT
ANDREW IS
ALL RIGHT--

OKAY!

WHAT
A MESS!





next:
KIDNAPPED!

a VERY SPECIAL
cover issue is coming soon!

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

THE ILLUSTRATED HORROR MASTERPIECE BY
ARCHAIC ALAN HEWETSON AND MACABRE MAELO CINTRON



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY HOW
WHAT THE COVER WILL LOOK LIKE!

Mystified? Cover artist SEGRELLES, working on editorial ideas, painted the magnificent cover painting you see above — then HUMAN GARGOYLES artist MAELO CINTRON look over to give it his personal Gargoyles touch, as it will appear on a cover very shortly. The picture above is a collector's item, because you're looking at the Segrelles art before Clinton made his personal touches to the piece — compare this with the finished cover, on sale soon! A very special HUMAN GARGOYLES ISSUE!

NIGHTMARE MAILBAG

Correspondence from

Charles Hovey, Jr.

The best story in this issue (NIGHTMARE #20) is "An A TALE OF HORROR" Story Ideas THE BLACK CAT. Because, (a) The panels were almost completely random and effectively caught the atmosphere of the story and realistically portrayed the German soldier and the ruined city. Unfortunately, some of the panels were almost simple line drawings and their special purpose, if any, was lost to me. Also, the pencils blended well and were part of the script rather than simply an illustration of it. (b) The story line in "THE BLACK CAT" is of course in the classic tradition of the investigation of a man driven mad by a fault in his own personality and his subsequent attempt to rationalize to himself that this fault had people and objects in an atmosphere which ultimately leads to his demise; this disease brought about through the revenge of the objects of his blame. The story takes advantage of the truth of personae and illustrates it very well. Unfortunately, in your magazine, the story was too short and the art work rather poor.

FAVORITE ALL-TIME STORY: In truth, I have no all time favorite. However, your recent adaptation of E. A. Poe's "BERENICE" is among the best I have read in your magazines. A close second is "THE MAC-STORM" by the same author.

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because they appear to me to be the sincerest attempt to produce authentic (more or less adult) horror stories in the classic tradition. Most of the stories, I must admit, are truly worth reading and are easily forgotten. From time to time, however, you produce a "gem" such as EARL'S "BERENICE". Were it only then such gems were more frequent, I've been reading continuously since 1954 and I was unable to puzzle through a BATMAN story. Since then, I've kept searching for those stories which can best be told in illustrated form. Those jewels which remain in my memory to be revisited at again and again. Since Alan Hevesi took over as editor of the SKYWALD magazines the incidence of memorable stories - ones that give you something to think about and discuss with friends - has been higher than in most of the other illustrated maga-

zines available. Also, there seems to be a desire to keep to the classical elements of horror like those found in the works of Poe, Lovecraft, and others which involve the illustrations of reality which occur in a diseased mind.

"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD WRITER: Edgar A. Poe.

FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD ARTIST: Actually, I am hard pressed to choose between Xinicus and Dale Rose. I suppose if I had to choose one, it would be Xinicus. In my view, his beautifully detailed drawings are even a masterpiece in themselves. His capsule expressions, his drawings being, with the story line rather than a simple drawing, I would compare him with the best of "Ghosts" Graham Ingels. Dale Rose is also effective but many of his drawings appear a bit too "rubbery" for best effect.

FAVORITE COVER ARTIST: Here I will indicate the between Fernandes and Jax with perhaps a tiny edge to Fernandes for his particularly grim depiction of the dead being torn to shreds.

of the properties of the unknown or alien such that the intrigue of horror which results from reading the story is many times increased. The text always has an inherent advantage over the illustrated story in that the pictures replace the imagined scenes of the reader which are unique and result from the effect on the reader's sense of security based on his "understanding" of reality. While the ordinary appears to be "unknown", or the situation unpredictable, the reader begins to feel a loss of control and then if the story is very well done, he slides down into the psychological state of "fear" in its various forms. The great strength of the illustrated story is that the scenes are more permanent, detailed and perhaps beyond focus which could be produced by the writer. In this case, the artist and the pictures may play upon the reader's imagination. Stories which deal with "generalities" of the normal give special properties, essences of abstract objects, problems which are part of everyone's psyche, or forms of existence seem to play an important role in the most effective stories of this type.

"Stories should be of a length suitable to making them effective. However, I would avoid very long stories because if the story appeal to me a great part of your magazine loses its

appeal in that particular case. PHOTOFEATURES: These features appeal to me when they are devoted to the classic horror films (rest styles, production techniques, etc.) or if devoted to the lives of famous writers of horror fiction. Your article on H. P. Lovecraft was very appealing to me. Your photo of his grave site was particularly fascinating.

"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD TITLE": It is impossible to pick out a PARTICULAR TITLE because as far as I am concerned the title should be suited exactly to the story and may very co-incidentally that there seems to be no "type". Generally, however, I like the shorter titles devoted to a key aspect of the story such as THE FUNERAL BARGE and RATS IN THE WALLS and so on. Also, grim humor has a place in titles especially as pert related to a particular twist in the plot such as "BAD CHOICE".

"SUMMARY: Thank you for reading all of this. I was as elusive as possible. I would like to see your responses. Improve along the lines that I have outlined. I do enjoy them as they are but let's make them perfect. I hope my ramblings were in kind of way you were looking for to bring your responses more in line with the sincere desire - Charles Hovey, Jr.

WEREWOLF

coming up soon



now on sale



FAVORITE TYPE OF STORY: Here I would describe stories dealing with the ordinary which when seen under bizarre conditions by a healthy mind or under mental conditions by a diseased mind become transformed into the alien or unknown. In all cases however, there must be enough indication



the Fiend of Changsha!

In PSYCHO #21 the bizarre character THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA! Illustration by Karen/Henry Yuen art by CHILL SAHNO KIRK. Inside its depths — on the last page of that story, if you recall, we placed a column requesting YOU, the reader, to vote life or death for the series! We were OVERRWHELMED by your response DEMANDING life for the new character — so here it — in the next PSYCHO #24 — THE 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL chapter 2 will bring its way into your bleeding hearts as a regular every-issue feature — miss it not; on sale December 30, 1974!

— AND YOU -- WHO
DECEIVED ME -- WILL BE
MY FIRST VICTIM !

NO CHAN' HU, THIS IS NOT
THE WAY ! THIS IS
NOT RIGHT !



THE SHARP CLANGING OF HAMMER AND ANVIL
BENDS THROUGH THE QUIET AUSTRIAN VILLAGE...
THE AIR SEEMS PREGNANT WITH EXPECTATION
AS THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT SOFTLY DRIFT TO A
CLOSE.



ON MOST SUMMER EVENINGS WHEN THE WORK
IS PLENTIFUL, THE SOUNDS OF THE BLACKSMITH
AT WORK ARE HEARD LONG INTO THIS NIGHT...

FOR WITHIN SHORT HOURS THE FULL MOON
WILL RISE AND EWAL WILL STALK THE
DARKENED WOODS!

LET THE COALS GROW
COLD, WE HAVE DONE
ENOUGH WORK
THIS DAY.

THE CAPTAIN BE DAMNED!
THERE IS FAR MORE
IMPORTANT WORK TO BE
DONE THIS AWAIT!

WHAT WILL THE
CAPTAIN SAY WHEN
HE FINDS THAT THE
SHOE WAS NOT
BEEN REPLACED?

BUT THIS NIGHT IS FAR DIFFERENT
THAN THE OTHERS...



FOR LONG YEARS YOU
HAVE KNOWN OF MY ABILITY,
MY SON. WHEN THE MOON
IS FULL WE VILLAGE MEN
HUNT THE MOST HIDIOUS
AND MATEMEST OF FARE.

...THE WEREWOLF!

TONIGHT SHALL BE
NO DIFFERENT!

written by EDWARD PEPPER
illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN

TRADITION OF THE WOLF

LATER, AS THE RISING SILVER MOON REPLACES
THE SUN ON THE NOW DARKENED HORIZON—

LAST MONTH
WE LOST OLAF
HAUSER.
WHICH ONE OF
US WILL IT SLAY
TONIGHT?

TONIGHT HIS SHIN
WILL BE STRETCHED
ON THE SIDE OF MY
SHOP!
ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT
FEAR US—YET, WE
SHALL TEACH IT THE
MEANING OF...
—TERROR!

LET US SPREAD
OUT NOW WE CAN
FIND ANNE!

FEAR WITHIN THE SHADOWS, BLACK EYES FOLLOW THE SCENT OF MAN!

HE IS
NEAR!

MEIN GOTT
IN HEAVEN!

IN THE RAPIDLY FLICKERING LIGHT, BONE, TENDON
AND MUSCLE ARE SUndered AND TORN BY WEAK
MAILED CLAWS!



CHILD OF EVIL... SON OF THE ANGELS—
WITH PREY IN HIS GRASP HE SWINGS
HIS HOLLOWED TO THE MOON!



A GROTESQUE PRIMITIVE RITUAL
BEFORE THE FEAST!

GLOR'DY!
IT CAME FROM
THIS
DIRECTION!

IN THE DIM LIGHT OF TORCH AND MOON,
THE SEARCHERS ALMOST STUMBLING
OVER THE GASTEROUS MESS THAT
LITTERS THE FOREST FLOOR...

WHO
WAS IT?

IT LOOKS
LIKE JENSEN

MEN GOT IT--
WE MUST
FIND THE WOLF
BEFORE IT
KILLS AGAIN!
SEARCH THE
AREA... IT MUST
BE NEAR!

AUDDENLY, AS THEY SEARCH THROUGH
THE DENSE FOREST, A STRANGE
MOVEMENT IS NOTICED...

THE HARBINGER!
HE AVERTS
ADMIST THE
TREES WAITING
FOR ME TO COME
NEARER!

I SHALL
NOT FAIL PREY
TO HIS
CUNNING!

CUKK

AS THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE RICOCHETS
THROUGH THE FOREST, A SHRIEK
ANGEL OF DEATH TEARS THROUGH
THE AIR!

WITHIN SECONDS THE MURK STOOD
FORAINED WITH VARIOUS STENGS TO VIEW
THE CREATURE THAT HAS FALLEN
VICTIM TO THE SECURE BULLET.

NO LONGER WILL
MY VILLAGE LIVE IN
FEAR--
--THE MURK--
IS DEAD!

DEAR GOD IN
HEAVEN--
--WHAT HORRIFIC
THING HAVE
I DONE?

SEAH /
SEAH /

I DIDN'T MEAN
TO SHOOT HIM! I
THOUGHT THE MURK WOLF
WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE BRANCHES--
--NOT HIM!

WE MUST BRING
HIM HOME BEFORE HE
DIES! HE MUST NOT
DIE ON THE GROUND
LIKE--
--AN ANIMAL!



USING UP WHAT LITTLE TIME AND ENERGY HE HAS, THE BLACKSMITH STRUGGLES TO SPEAK--HIS VOICE IS ONLY A VAGUE AND TATTERED REMNANT OF HIS ONCE POWERFUL THROAT!



STEPHAN CONTINUED HIS FATHER'S TRADE,
AND LIKE HIS FATHER, WAS VERY GOOD AT IT;
—AND TRUE TO HIS FATHER'S EXAMPLE, ON
NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON HE WOULD AWAY!



—BUT UNLIKE HIS FATHER, HE
CHOSE TO HUNT ALONE!

THE SETTING SUN THREW HAUNTING SHADOWS
ACROSS THE GRAVES OF THE LONG DEAD, AND THE
PUNGENT SCENT OF ROTTING FLOWERS LAGED THE
AIR AS HE ROAMED IT, SOOTHING HIS SOUL AMONG THE
DEAD, AND FOUND COMFORT IN HIS ONE-SIDED
CONVERSATIONS WITH HIS DEAD PARENTS.



—MANY TIMES HE HAD BEEN SEEN TALKING TO THE
STOMACHES, AND SOON ALL IN THE VILLAGE CHUCKED
HIM AS ONE WOULD A LEPER; ONLY THE BRAVE
DARED LOOK IN HIS EYES, FOR THEY WERE EVER
SOFT THAT COULD PIERCE A MAN'S SOUL AND FREEZE
HIS BLOOD.



IT IS AT TIMES LIKE
THESE - BEFORE THE HUNT
- THAT THE RESPONSIBILITIES
I HAVE ASSUMED SEEM
TOO GREAT.
IT IS TIMES LIKE THESE
THAT YOUR APPROVING WORDS WOULD BE SO
GREATLY WELCOMED - BUT
YOU ARE DEAD, A MERE
SHADOW OF WHAT YOU
ONCE WERE!

RIP
TOM GUNNARSEN
NR-1958

THE WIND IS MOVING
THROUGH THE THICK
FOREST, CARRYING THE
SCENT OF PINE AND OF
THE ANIMALS HIDDEN IN
THE GROWING DARKNESS.
SOON, THE AIR WILL
BE RAPT WITH STILL
ANOTHER SCENT -
- THE ONE YOU
KNEW SO WELL -
...THE SCENT OF
MAN!

SOON TO BE
FOLLOWED BY
-THE SWEET
TASTE OF
**HUMAN
FLESH!**

MOSTILS GATHER AS THE SMELL OF FRESHLY KILLED
MEN LACES THE AIR; IT IS A SCENT THAT BRINGS
BALANCE FLOORING THE MOUTH, AND RAISES
CORPORAL EARS FOR THE Faintest SOUND OF A
DISTANT TIGER SNAPPING!

MANY ARE THE GIFTS THAT PASS BETWEEN
FATHERS AND SONS, BUT NONE ARE SO
STRANGE NOR SO INTIMATE AS THIS.



**the
ARCHAIC
BACK ISSUES
VAULT
of
HORROR-MOOD
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND ALL ELSE

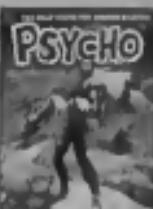
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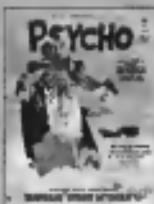
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NIGHTMARE #20 . . . \$1



written by EDWARD FIDORE
Illustrated by ANDY CRANSON



IT'S LONG LESS CARRY HIM FROM THE BURIAL SITE, BUT NOT FROM THE CRYING WORDS THAT SEEM TO PLAGUE EACH FOOTSTEP!





THE PINE TO HIS CERTAIN WINDS BETWEEN STRETCHES OF
CHARRED AND TWISTED TREES... ROBBER-LIKE SHADOWS
ASSUME SICKENING DEFORMITY AS THEY HUG THE
DAMP GROUND.

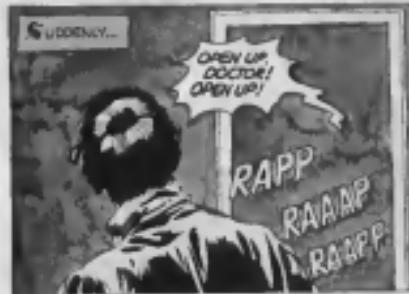


SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACK DISTANCE A MOUSE SQUEALS AS IT
STRUGGLES IN THE ARROW GRASP OF AN OWL'S TALONS, AND
THE LOVING WOLF SINGS HER LAMENT TO THE MOON...



THE SNAKE LEAVES THE FOREST BORE, AND RACES WITH HIS BOWED HEAD TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW...

...WHERE HE PEERS OVER THE SILL WITH HIS SMALL GLICK EYES!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE MAN OF MEDICINE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO THE STRANGE MESSAGE DELIVERED BY A CREATURE MORE MAD THAN HUMAN!



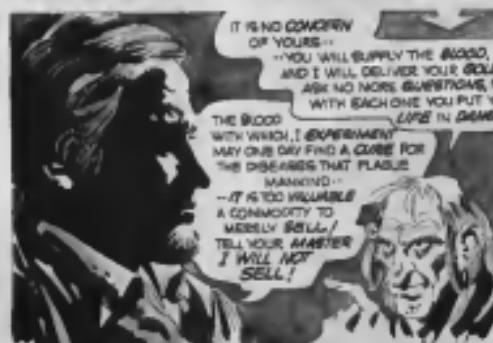
YOU WILL NOT ONE LIKE THE OTHERS!
--YOU WILL DEAL WITH MY MASTERS!



--AND MY MASTERS WILL PAY YOU IN SPARKLING NEW PIECES OF GOLD!
--LOTS OF GOLD!
ALL WE DESIRE IS THE BLOOD YOU LET FROM THE BODIES OF YOUR PATIENTS!

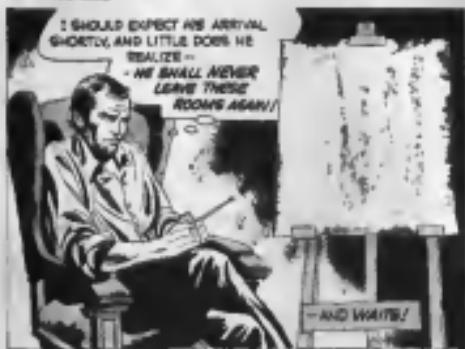


I USE THE DRAINED BLOOD IN MY EXPERIMENTS IN ALMAMATROK. I AM MAKING A STUDY OF ANNE'S BLOOD STREAMS, SINCE, WHAT COULD YOUR MASTERS WANT WITH BLOOD?



WE SHALL HAVE THE BLOOD IN EITHER CASE!
GUARD YOURSELF WELL, DOCTOR!

WITH HIS TOMORROW GUEST GONE, THE DOCTOR RELAXES IN HIS LEATHER CHAIR WITH A PIPE OF FINE CAROLINA TOBACCO--



THE QUIET EVENING IS SMATTERED
IN THE STEAM, BRODINGE DETOOF
MEMBRANE OUT WINDS AS THEY CUT
THE STILL AIR!



DELICATE, AWARDED WINGS FLUTTER BACKWARDS AS THE PLUMMETING CREATURE PREPARES TO LAND!



[IN A BLUR OF CHAOTIC ACTIVITY, THE BLACK HAIRLESS FORM OF SHET TRANSFORMS INTO PAINT WHIPS OF AMET AND PIPES BENEATH THE LARGE OAK DOOR!]

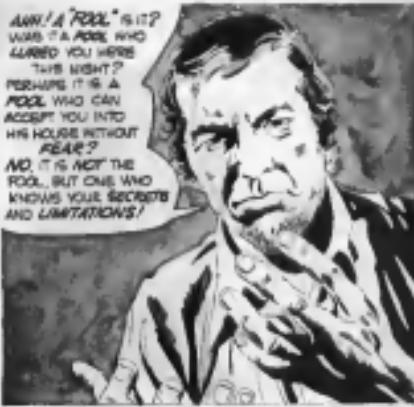


A MIST THIS CASTS NO SHADOW NOR EMITS A SMELL FILLS THE ROOM /

SUDDENLY, A SOLID FORM RISING TO APPEAR IN THE THICKENING MIST...

WITHIN SECONDS, THE MISTS THIN TO REVEAL A CADAVEROUS PRESENCE /









WITH DEADLY ACCURACY THE WOODEN MALLE
FINDS ITS DESIRED TARGET!



Suddenly...

YES...
ONCE YOU KNEW ME...
SLIGHTLY!

YOU DIED MANY YEARS AGO,
AND ENTERED THE REALM
OF DEATH.
—WHERE I AM KING!
THEN SUDENLY YOU WERE
DRAGGED BACK BY THE
HIDEOUS COLOSSUS THAT LIES
UPON YOUR SOUL! DRAGGED
BACK TO PREY UPON THE
LIVING...
TO CONDEMN MORE TO
YOUR GRETESQUE
DEATH WALK!

A skeletal hand holds a man's head, while another skeletal hand reaches out from the shadows.

A WHEEZING, ASTHMATIC WIND STIRS THE SMALL
PILE OF ASHES THAT LAY ON THE FLOOR. THE
ASHEN FLAMES DANCE IN THE WIND'S EMBRACE,
THEN FALL LIFELESS!



DEEP WITHIN THE DARK WOODS, TRICKED LIKE SOME
ILL-FATED ANSEET, A HORROR HAS BEEN BORN.
MEN SHALL NO LONGER FEAR IT—AND CHILDREN
SHALL NO LONGER CHARGE AT THE MENTION OF
ITS NAME...FOR DEATH HAS COME TO CLAIM A
STRAY MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK!

Time for living

I am — or more correctly, I WAS, a crewman aboard the French frigate 'GALLEON'. Now all aboard her are dead, and the proud GALLEON lies at the very bottom of the ocean — and I stand aboard a wooden platform about to be beheaded, about to DIE.



Time for dying

How long I have wanted to die, though not so horribly as this. I desire a just death, and a merciful, peaceful death, but French law does not permit such honor — it dooms me to writh in agony, only compounding the manifold horrors that already destroy my body. But what care I now? — in a few minutes I will be dead — all the agonies will be over, end they, not I — THEY will be the ironical victims of their injustice.

Months ago the GALLEON was returning from Egypt, loaded up with silks and jewels and perfumes, rich cargo from the Mid-East, in return for our own cargo of certain cured meats, vegetables and crated muskets and weapons. Sometime out of port a disease, unknown in origin and in type, spread the ship. Men died every hour, literally on the hour, of the plague which was somewhat like scurvy, and somewhat like leprosy. Their skin rotted, their tongues bloated, their eyes became filled with mucus — at length they could not breathe for their throats were clogged with phlegm and their nostrils filled with blood. They could not speak, and could hardly scream. Many could not endure their agony and leaped overboard, to either drown or be eaten by ever-present sharks. In a very few days, the ship had lost half its crew, and there seemed no end to the misery aboard our vessel. A few of us who still seemed strong, appealed to the captain, a very straightforward man. We begged him to make for the nearest port, so that those who still lived could flee this plague, or at least obtain some medical attention. He refused, saying frankly that in all probability we were all doomed. He said he would never enter any port so long as we had disease, for unquestionably we would infect others and the plague would spread. He insisted we except our fate as men.

Twenty of us mutineered. We took over the GALLEON, regrettably killing our captain and several mates, and we made for the nearest port, which was DUSLOIN, just off the southern French coast. Only a few of us still lived, and many of us (not I) were becoming diseased even as we deserted the ship and rowed ashore. We were met by several constables — they looked upon our disease and instantly shot at us, killing several of us with their fire.

I, and just a few others, escaped and made our return to the ship. How so few men managed the GALLEON to open see I find it hard to say, but we survived until the great storm broke, tossing us hopelessly about and breaking us apart. All the men were washed overboard, so far as I know, and only I survived, lashed to the wheel of the ship, and unconscious during the horror of the crashing waves and the blinding rain and shrieking wind. When I awoke I was in the water roped to the wheel — all about me other bits of debris floated in the calm waves. I could see land, and with all exertion at my weakened command, paddled to the shore, a task consuming several hours.

It is French law, as indeed it is the law of every nation, that mutiny is as villainous a crime as treason, automatically punishable by death. The court of law where I was tried only yesterday, only a day out of the water, dealt its justice quickly, pronouncing sentence in the same breath as it announced charges against me. And so now, here I stand, awaiting the axeman. The crowd shout and cheer and scream for my blood, and they will not be denied, for even now the executioner stabs his nerves and prepares to decapitate me.

I will place my head upon the block, he will slowly raise the mighty blade and swing it powerfully upon my neck, severing my veins and my flesh. My head will roll into a little basket. The crowd will roar in glee. My soul will go to hell. Then I will be eaten, or at least my head will be eaten, by the dogs, and those dogs, carrying the disease in my body, will become rabid and will infect the people of this town — the people who were so quick to pass judgement on me will rot, as my shipmates rotted. I am the carrier of the disease, of course, though the townpeople do not realize it (I realized it myself only a short time ago, when I found I was the only one alive aboard the GALLEON without the plague). Living I might destroy them all — dead, I will certainly destroy them all — thousands, perhaps millions will die. I do not mean to say I am happy about this, but at least I will have my revenge. I could tell them, but it would not help them to avoid their awful fate. As I die, so dies half of Europe — even now, as I await the axe, I look about and I see the early stages of the plague, their eyes are filling with mucus, their mouths emit excessive phlegm, — she, the axeman turns, the crowd roars, it is time to die!

THE GODS
ONCE CHALLENGED
SATAN AND HIS
LESSONS, HERE
ON THIS
HILLTOP!
IT'S AN OLD
INDIAN TALE...

YEH, BUT HIS
AINT GOES OR EVEN
THATTA'S LESSONS...
FACT IS AT THE END
OF THE MARCHY WILLE
NOT EVEN GOING TO
HAVE WORK... THE
CARNIVAL ARRIVED
AN' SO ARE WE!

WHEN THE AVERAGE GUY IS OUT
OF WORK, HE GOES OUT AND GETS
HIMSELF SOME OTHER JOB... WHEN
A BUSINESSMAN GOES OUT OF
BUSINESS, HE BECOMES A NEW
BUSINESS...

BUT WHEN A GROUP OF CIRCUS
FREAKS ARE THROWN OUT OF
WORK... WHAT DO THEY DO?
THE ANSWER IS IN WHAT OUR
TALE OF TERROR IS ALL ABOUT...

WELL, WHAT ABOUT THAT
IDEA JOHN HAD--START
UP OUR OWN TRAVELING
CARNIVAL OF
FREAKS...

WE COULD TRY IT
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'll
WORK--A CARNIVAL IS MORE
THAN FREAKS... WE NEED CIRCUS
ACTS, CLOWNS, SIDE SHOWS TO
DRAW CROWDS...
THE CARNIVAL WE'RE WITH NOW
HAS GOT ALL THAT AND STILL IT'S
GONE OUT OF BUSINESS!

YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT THIS
IS A GAS STATION BUSINESS
WE CAN'T EXACTLY BOOMBOOM
RIGHT NOW--AND I DON'T
THINK A CARNIVAL
WOULD WORK--PEOPLE
DON'T ENJOY LOOKING
AT US AND SCATTERING...
WE NEED SOMETHING
ELSE...

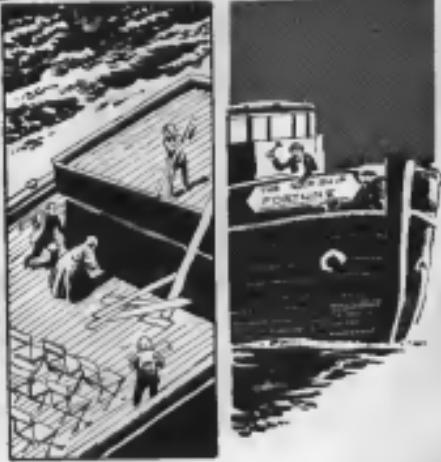
HOW ABOUT A
MOVIE THEATER?...

A
BOOKSTORE?

A
LAUNDROMAT
MURK?

THIS IS A TOADSTICK
AREA--HOW ABOUT WE
WORK ON THAT IDEA--
MAYBE WE COULD OPERATE
A TOADSTICK SHOP--MAYBE
THE CIRCUS WE TELL--OR
MAYBE A SPONTINE GOODIES
STORE, LIKE FOR MARCHES
AND FREAKSHOWS, OR--
MAYBE A TOURIST BOAT--
HEH--MAYBE WE COULD TAKE
TOURISTS UP AND DOWN THE
RIVER OR TOWNS--HOW
ABOUT THAT?

THE VAMPIRE FREAKS



...AND ON HIS MADDEN VOYAGE,
THE GOOD SHIP FORTUNE
HAD A FULL COMPLEMENT OF
PASSENGERS...

WE ARE NOW
PASSING BY AGENT COOPER
—TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO
THIS WAS GUARD POST FOR
THE TOWN OF GENERAL BRAGGIE
—TO WARD OFF ATTACKS
BY INDIANS...

THIS AREA OF
THE RIVER IS INFESTED
WITH SNAKES OF ALL
KINDS—MANY OF THEM
ARE POISONOUS AND
YOU ARE WARNED NOT
TO HANG YOUR HANDS
OVER THE SIDE OF
THE BOAT!



THIS HAS
SPURRED OUR
MADDEN VOYAGE—
SURELY YOU CAN'T
BELIEVE WE HAD
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH IT?





ON MY LORD
— TONY IS DEAD — YOU CRUSHED HIM! YOU MURDERED TONY!

WELL IT WAS HIM ANYWAY
— WE KILLED ONE OF US —
THE LITTLE FREAK DESERVED TO DIE!

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM —
HE WAS TALKING ON THE PLATFORM AT THE FRONT OF THE BOAT AS WE ALL WATCHED...

MOMMY

DADDAH

OH... WHAT IS IT TOMMY?

THAT'S FANTASTIC
— THEN SHE JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK POLICE — THAT'S ALL —

THE LITTLE MAN DIDN'T KILL THE OLD LADY!

* NO ONE KILLED HER — IT WAS RATS — WATER RATS! /*
* WHAT? WATER RATS? BUT HOW CHILD? *

* WHILE THE LITTLE MAN WAS BREAKING SOME WATER RATS CAME ONTO THE BOAT AND RAN AROUND — I WAS LOOKING AT THEM — THEY SCARED THE OLD LADY — AT FIRST SHE WAS SO FRIGHTENED SHE COULDN'T SCREAM. SHE GRABBED HER NECK AND FELL OVER — THEN THE RATS RAN TO HER AND BEGAN BEGAN TO EAT HER! /*
* WHAT? THEY WERE EATING HER AND SHE DIDN'T SCREAM? /*
* YES — WHEN THEY BEGAN TO EAT HER, THEN SHE SCREAMED AND EVERYTHING CAME ROLLING OVER THEM! — BUT I SUSPECT SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD! *

WHAT? — YOU SAW THE MURDER? — WHO KILLED THE OLD LADY? — WHO?

NELL — NO HARM DONE
— LET'S GET ON WITH OUR GRAVEDIGGING
— EVERYTHING IS SETTLED NOW!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID
NO HARM DONE
LET'S CONTINUE OUR VOYAGE SH?

YEH-SAH WE THOUGHT IT WAS MURDER! HA-HA
HA-HA — WELL — THAT'LL TEACH US NOT TO JUMP TO FAIR CONCLUSIONS.
HR HAAA HA HA HA HA!

GET THE HELL OFF OUR BOAT!



the Little
Horror-World
Shop of Horrors

Horror Masks

of classic horror characters

THE LITTLE HORROR - M O O D SHOP OF HORRORS is pleased to introduce itself into these pages by introducing a spectacular horror product for all genuine maniacs — HORROR - MASKS, ideally suitable for HALLOWEEN, WALPURGIS NIGHT, APRIL FOOL'S DAY and JULY THE 4th, or for ANY night or early-morning haunting of your peculiar choosing. DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER — LOW COST — HIGH QUALITY — DURABLE and other-wise good. Don't waste your money on cruddy imitations and inferior products — order these genuinely ALL-ORIGINAL, HIGHLY — IMAGINATIVE, CUSTOM-MADE horror-masks and receive them directly to your house through the mail FAST. MADE OF STRONG, HEAVY LATEX RUBBER.



MASK A10



MASK B10



MASK C10



MASK D10



MASK E10



MASK F10



MASK G10

TOUGH STRONG LATEX MASKS

We invite you to COMPARE both the QUALITY and the PRICE of our masks with those advertised in other magazines. The price is \$34.95 per mask, plus a few \$1.25 postage. A fair price for a great product. ORDER NOW for SPEEDY DELIVERY in time for your favorite occasion. All checks and money orders must be made payable in U.S. funds — yes, we ship out the country, but ORDER NOW.

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* Meticulously lithographed, to capture the exquisite detail and brilliance of the originals. Dramatic 22" x 34" size on fine quality stock — you'll want to display them with pride.

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HORROR in SOUND and PICTURES

Great for parties and all haunting occasions — gather your friends and scare the hell out of them with these long-playing horror recordings that are fun and weird! Have a party and go loco with these HORROR RECORDS!



RECORD A10 \$6.95

DOCTOR DRACULA'S HAUNTED BIARTE will nightmares you out of your mind.



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MUSIC FOR MAGICIANS — The perfect accompaniment for the amateur or professional magician — music障礙 for ten of your weird!

THE PHANTOM OF THE ORGAN — Ever seen played as beautifully as in this ghoulish, haunting record originally recorded in the Fair's arena —

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NIGHT GALLERY

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POSTER B14



POSTER B15



POSTER B16



POSTER B17



POSTER B18



POSTER B19



POSTER B20



POSTER B21



POSTER B22



POSTER B23



POSTER B24



POSTER B25

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COLOR POSTERS of your favorite COMIC HEROES are now available for framing or mounting on your wall — mailed rolled in a tube. For color condition
... imagine the AMAZING SPIDERMAN, THE INCREDIBLE HULK, SUPERMAN AND BATMAN on your own wall in a GIANT POSTER in dynamic color . . .
make your selection for speedy delivery . . .



POSTER A10 \$1.95



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POSTER A12 \$1.95



POSTER A13 \$1.95



ROCK S10 \$1.95 . . . (brick)
ROCK S11 \$1.95 . . . (grapefruit size)
ROCK S12 \$1.25 . . . (walnut size)

Here's a giant block of
your favorite, these
large pieces of rock
look great, set a
weight on your desk
and impress your friends
with these HOLLYWOOD
ROCK ROCKS! You
can use them for a
more "heavy" look,
and you can absolutely
impress your friends
and enemies alike
with these light-weight
Rock rocks . . .



ROCK S13 \$45.00
... (17" x 17")
ROCK S14 \$15.00
... (18" long)

... just imagine
this in a GIANT 17"
x 17" ROCK and
throwing it at a
friend — yes, you
are an off-duty
superhero with a
simple block of the
right power — really
huge! This is one
Rock rock — it's made
of FOAM — a genuine
HOLLYWOOD STUDIO PROP for a
miraculous price . . .

CAPES

POSTERS and ROCKS



Want to look like
SATAN? You can
wear a bright red
SATAN CAPE made
of real satins —
great for trick
or treating —
impressive as you
ride your
conquest of the
earth — also great
as a superhero
accessory for
costumes and
other frightening
events . . .

CAPE C10 \$2.95



A dark CAPE needed
by the WIZARD and
WITCHES of
SHEM and other
mortal places for
years to come. It's
made of heavy
satin and metallic
for a shiny green
color — perfect
for trick or treating
or scaring
your friends
and relatives. Be
frightened and with
purple right!

CAPE C11 \$2.95



You've heard about OUIJA
but did you know that it
really works? It does — and
now you can own your own
OUIJA BOARD for only \$5.95
— immediately!

ITEM F10



A gift for the person who has
everything — A BATTEE \$4.95,
excellent for hanging above
your doorway and scaring
anyone who tries to enter your
domain — has to entry
\$4.95 . . .

ITEM F11



A very LARGE HANGING
SPIDER is yours for \$19.95.
a small price to pay for the
pleasure of scaring the living
daylights out of people
— you'll keep everybody —

ITEM F12



Do you want a monster outfit?
If so, it is inexpensive without
the shark \$20.95 . . . but
only \$49.95 per pair — wear
them and everyone will think
you have leprosy . . .

ITEM F13



BLOOD

Spill some VAMPIRE BLOOD into your husband's soup and send him away — great for the dinner party or the sides of your mouth of unquenched thirst — the real thing . . .

ITEM F14 \$1.00



MUG

SKULL MUG — these are really great for drinking blood, wine, milk, beer, coffee, or other liquids — looks great as an centerpiece when you're not drinking from it . . .

ITEM F19 \$3.35



SKULLS

Very Lifelike — REALISTIC SKULLS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK — small \$2.00 — medium \$2.50 — large \$3.95 . . . **SKULL BANKS** — are banks you feed and save ghosts in — watch them drink the coins!

ITEM F24A \$2.50

ITEM F24B \$3.95

ITEM F24C \$7.95



Scars

Cover your face and body with these SCARS STUFF and delight as people around you have heart attacks thinking you are a vampire from Transylvania — about 100 different ugly stuff . . .

ITEM F15 \$1.00



BANKS

BIGGIE BANK — put your savings into this Bones + Clothing skull bank and save up your allowances instead of spending it on comic books or magazines — a great buy . . .

ITEM F20 \$2.35



hand

Probably the strongest hand you'll ever see, or even have seen! Spins around and won't let go under the sofa, out the doorway or even the kitchen sink — especially — will surprise everyone who sees it . . .

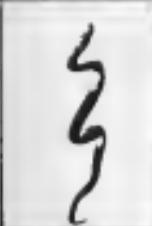
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KIT

Chapter 1: VAMPIRE KIT Chapter 2: Werewolf KIT Chapter 3: Dracula KIT and Chapter 4: The Invisible Man looking like DRACULA, or as a MAD PROFESSOR or any number of weird characters — only \$7.95 . . .

ITEM F16 \$7.95



SNAKE

A 12" RUBBER SNAKE for only \$1.50 is a great toy with a million uses — you can scare ANYONE you want with this realistic, long snake — less expensive than your birthday . . .

ITEM F21 \$1.50



Ugly

Want to look UGLY? This BODY KIT, which glows in the dark, will get you looks as UGLY as you want — really grosses — look like a cagan — fun for only \$1.00 . . .

ITEM F26 \$1.00



nails

Need to have fangs made like a vampire yourself? Get these VAMPIRE NAILS on your fingers! Look like a vampire and look like devils, or stink people, scare people, choke people with those nails — all in one . . .

ITEM F17 \$1.00



HANDS

MONSTER HANDS will complete any monster or halloween costume at only \$1.95 a pair — a great price for a great product — guaranteed to frighten all the persons out of the room for hours . . .

ITEM F22 \$3.95



KIT

Look like a movie movie star — wear these MONSTER FANGS and look like the movie — you'll scare even yourself! If there's no reflection in the mirror we assume no responsibility . . .

ITEM F27 \$2.00



FANGS

MONSTER FANGS — come complete in case to hold your mouth and keep your fangs there attacking people's mouths — guaranteed Fun and laughter — \$1.00 for # F128 . . .

ITEM F18 \$1.00



Blood

Get a fresh, nice red BLOOD FINGER that looks real and smells like fresh, strong blood — only \$2.95 for pairs of five . . .

ITEM F23 \$3.95



HAND

CUT-OFF HAND — Imagine that this hide your own hand under your coat sleeve just like the cartoon hand being held out over the sofa as you casually sit down in pole — watch everyone faint — all in one . . .

ITEM F28 \$3.95

Use special order coupon on page 46 of this issue

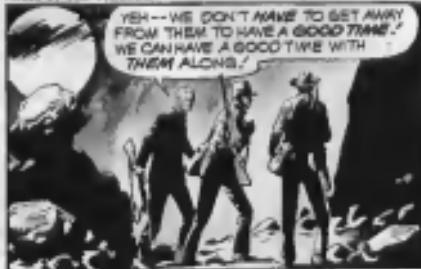
--THERE IS A RUMOR, OR A SUPERSTITION, THAT IN THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA, SOMEWHERE IN THE ROLLING HILLS, HIDDEN AWAY FROM ALL SOCIETY AND ALL HUMAN EYES, THERE IS A SUB-HUMAN BEING WHO COULD BE BEST DESCRIBED AS THE ANCESSR LINK BETWEEN MAN AND APES--A SORT OF AMERICAN YETI, OR ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN--THIS STORY NEITHER REBUTS NOR CONFIRMS THIS CALCULATION OF SEVERAL WEST VIRGINIANS, WHO CLAIM TO HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN THE MONSTER--NO, THAT IS NOT THE PURPOSE OF THIS TALE--THE REASON FOR THIS NARRATIVE IS MERELY TO RELATE AN INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED ON THE 14TH OF AUGUST 1973, SOMEWHERE IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS--ALL WE CAN SAY IS THE PEOPLE INCLUDED IN THIS STORY SWear EVERY FACT HEREIN IS TRUE! (THOSE WHO ARE STILL ALIVE). THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN, IN PART, BY THOMAS HOW WELLS, OF LYNCHBURG, WEST VIRGINIA--A PARTICIPANT IN THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT FOLLOW--

THE THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS



Written by TED FERTHMAN

Illustrated by WALTER FORTHOFF



YEH--WE DON'T WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THEM TO HAVE A GOOD TIME--WE CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH THEM ALONG--

IT BEARS NIGHTFALL ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 14, 1973--THORNTON WELLS--EDGAR JASON AND JOHN RYANMORE ARE CONCLUDING A DAY OF HUNTING DEER--

WELL WE
DON'T SEE A SINGLE
DEER--BUT IT WAS
A NICE DAY ANYWAY--
TRACKIN' THROUGH
THE HILLS--

THE NEXT TIME WE ALL GET
A DAY OFF TOGETHER WE
SHOULD BRING ALONG OUR
WIVES--WE DON'T SHOOT
ANY DEER ANYWAY--WE
JUST WALK A'N TALK--AND
IT'LL BE A NICE BREAK
FOR THEM TOO!

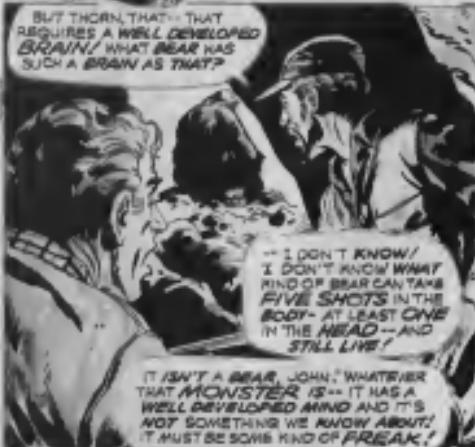


WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT?

IT ISN'T A
DEER--LOOKS
MORE LIKE A
BEAR!



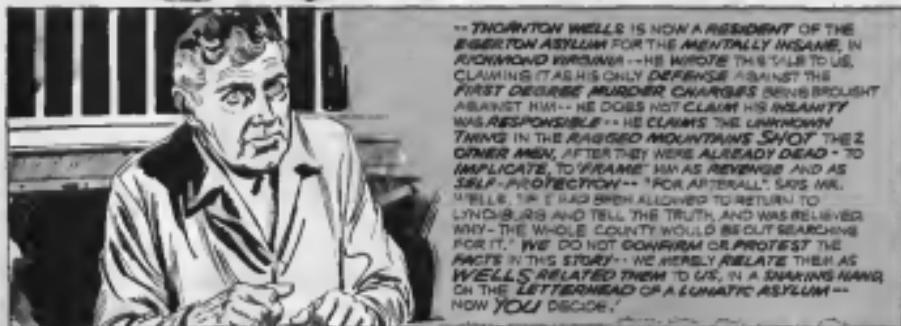




IT ISN'T A BEAR, JOHN! WHATEVER THAT MONSTER IS-- IT HAS A WELL DEVELOPED MIND AND IT'S NOT SOMETHING WE KNOW ABOUT! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF FREAK!









...IS THIS TOWN ANY DIFFERENT FROM
MOLOKI, TRANSYLVANIA -- OR ANY
OTHER TOWN ANYWHERE IN THE
WORLD, COME TIME ANDMONT ADOUP?
THE ANSWER IS NO...

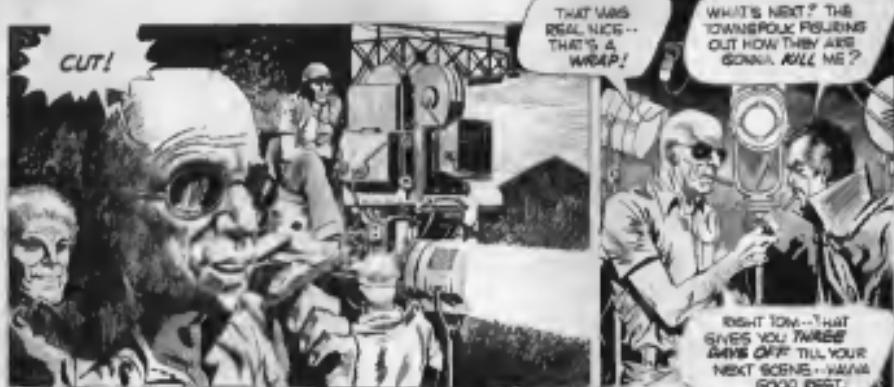


FISTFUL OF FLESH

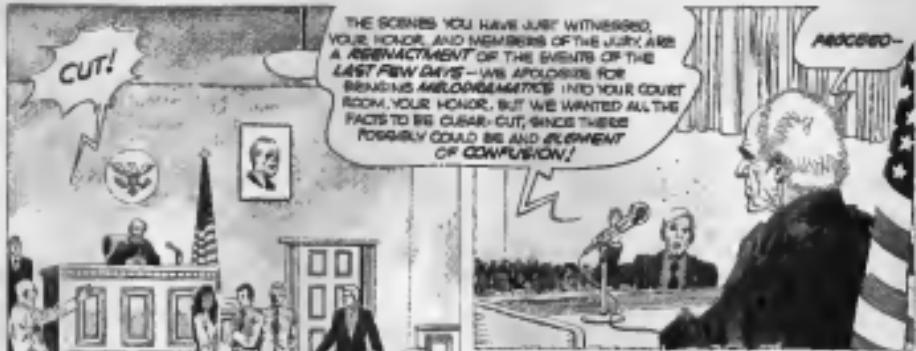
written by LESLIE JEROME
Illustrated by DENIS FORD



...TERRORES
THAT KILL!







AND -- THERE'S NO WAY YOU
WOULD BE REHEARSING THAT
SCENE EDWARDS -- THAT SCENE
WAS YOUR MOTIVE FOR
WANTING THE MOVIE
~~STOPPED~~ / YOU WANTED UNDUE
CONTACT -- YOU HAD TO DO
THE SCENE, UNLESS YOU
STOPPED PRODUCTION OF
THE MOVIE -- UNLESS YOU
HAD THE RITUAL, MY CLIENT,
THROWN IN JAIL -- THAT'S
WHY YOU AWARDED 'THE
SHERIFF' CASTING
SUSPICION ON MY
CLIENT!

YOU'RE CRAZY
-- WHY? WHY
WOULD I WANT
THE MOVIE
STOPPED? WHY
WOULDN'T I WANT
TO PLAY THAT
SCENE?

FOR ONE VERY
SIMPLE REASON.
ME, EDWARDS.

-- BECAUSE THAT
SCENE REQUIRES
MAKE-UP... MAKE-
UP AS A VAMPIRE --
YOU WOULD REQUIRE
FAKE VAMPIRE TEETH
TO BE PUT IN YOUR
MOUTH BY THE MAKE-
UP DEPARTMENT --
AND YOU COULD
NEVER ALLOW
THAT, COULD
YOU?
BECAUSE --

-- BECAUSE WHEN
THEY PUT THE FAKE
VAMPIRE TEETH IN YOUR
MOUTH THEY WOULD
DISCOVER SOMETHING
CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR
REAL TEETH -- THEY WOULD
DISCOVER YOU REALLY
ARE A VAMPIRE
WOULDN'T THEY?

YOU'RE
CRAZY --
YOU CAN'T
PHONE
THAT?

CAN'T
12

CAN'T I
VAMPIRE?

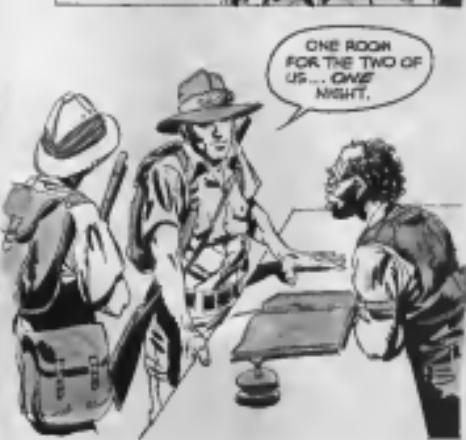
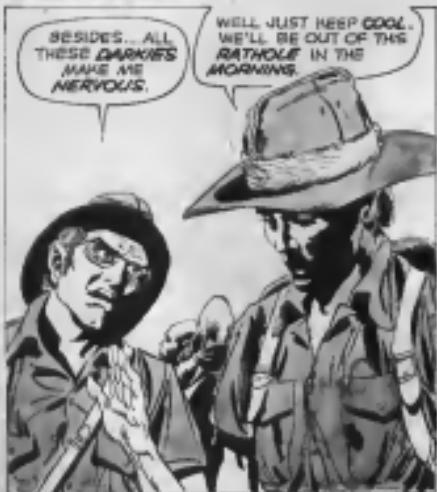
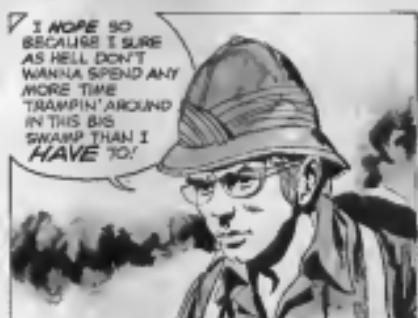
STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED
IN THE MOVIES, PERHAPS BUT NOT IN
AN AMERICAN COURT OF LAW WHERE
ONCE AGAIN -- AS ALWAYS, JUSTICE
IS SERVED...

... JUSTICE IS ALWAYS SERVED WHEN
THE FRIENDS ARE EXPOSED AS
FRIENDS, AND THESE FLESH IS
ALLOWED TO ROT!
ASHES TO ASHES -- DUST TO DUST -- THIS
VAMPIRE MEETS HIS MAKER, IN HELL!

AAAAAAA



A FEW THOUSAND MILES, SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS
AND A HELLUM LOT OF GAMSIS HAVE PUT MURRAY
ROBERTSON AND LEE MORRELL WHERE THEY ARE....



THESE ARE THE MEN AROUND WHOM THIS STORY RENOVES... FOR IT IS THEY WHO HAVE SET IN MOTION THE WHEELS OF HORROR THAT WILL SOON GRIND THEM UNDER. IT IS THEY WHO WILL CHARGE ON THEIR TERROR... FOR IT IS THEY WHO WILL ENCOUNTER THE...

SNAKEWIZARD!

MORNING COMES TO THE COASTAL VILLAGE BUT LONG BEFORE ANY OF THE OTHER INHABITANTS ARE AWAKE TWO MEN ARE LEAVING THE TOWN.



written by AUGUSTINE FLINNELL
Illustrated by ANNETTE CHAPMAN



...WITH THINGS MORE PRESSING THAN A PLEASANT SUNRISE ON THEIR MINDS /

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE THAT OLD DARKIE FINDS OUT WE ABANDONED HIS RAPE?



DOESN'T MATTER. BY THE TIME HE DOES FIND OUT, WE'LL BE LONG GONE. TOO BAD THOUGH. THE OLD GUY ONLY HAD SIXTEEN DOLLARS TO HIS NAME...

THEIR PROGRESS IS SLOW... FOR EVERY VINE AND ROOT THEY CHOP AWAY THEY CAN ONLY ADVANCE A FEW ANCHORS TO ANOTHER VINE OR ROOT.



PERHAPS THE THIRST WOULD KILL THEM... FOR
THE TIME BEING THEY'LL NOT KNOW...



...AND THEY CERTAINLY DO TRY! YES SR... THEY
CERTAINLY DO TRY!



...BUT
SOME ARE
FORTUNATE...



BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN
THIS JUNGLE THAT COULD FILL
THEM...



SOMETIMES A
MOMENT IS ALL
THAT
SEPARATES
LIFE AND
DEATH...





A GLIGHT RUSTLE OF PARTING BRANCHES AND MURRAY ROBERTSON WHIRLS AROUND, READY FOR ANYTHING FROM THE KILLER JUNGLE!



DARKIE OR NOT LEE... MAYBE HE CAN SAVE YOU... I SURE AS HELL CAN'T! C'MON OLD MAN... GET AT IT! AND JUST TO MAKE THINGS INTERESTING, IF HE DIES...



THE OLD MAN REMOVES THE GUN AND BEGINS HIS TASK...
FIRST SUCKING THE POISONED BLOOD FROM THE
INFECTED AREA...



...AND REACHING DEEPLY INTO THE SMALL POUCH
HE CARRIES AT HIS SIDE FOR MYSTIC HERBS TO
APPLY TO THIS WOUND.



...TO FINALLY BANDAGE THE BLOODED HOLE AND
ANNOUNCE



I AM FINISHED.
HE WILL LIVE.

MURRAY...
HE'S NOT KIDDIN'!
THERE'S NO RAIN AT ALL...
FEELS LIKE IT DID JUST
BEFORE THAT
BLASTED SNAKE
BIT ME.



YES... ALL SNAKES ARE
MINE... I AM SNAKEWIZARD!

SNAKEWIZARD
HUGH? WELL, NOW...
THIS IS GETTING
INTERESTING. Y' SEE,
OLD MAN, WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING CALLED
THE TEMPLE OF
THE SNAKE. AND
SINCE YOU SEEM
TO BE ON GOOD
TERMS WITH THE
BLASTED THINGS,
I FIGURE YOU
CAN LEAD US
THERE.



YOU MEAN...
THAT OVERGROWN
WORM WAS YOURS??

WHADDAYA
SAY?

A BARGAIN MADE? NOT EXACTLY
BUT THE OLD MAN NOOS HIS HEAD
SLOWLY AND TURNS TO LEAVE THE
CLEARING...

ANIMALS OF A WORSE
VARIETY THAN THAT WHICH
LATE DIED IN THE WATER
FOLLOWING BEHIND HIM.'

THE TREK THROUGH THE CLIMBING
JUNGLE IS HARD, NOTWITHSTANDING
EASIER, AND THE TWO MEN KNOW
THEY HAVE FOUND THE KEY TO THE
RICHES THAT AWAIT THEM...



THEY MOVE QUIETLY TOWARD THE GLEAMING
STRANGLERS... FOR WITHIN ARE THE RICHES THAT
ALL GREEDY MEN LUST AFTER!



THOSE STEPS ARE TAKEN... INTO THE GAWPING
MAW OF THE SNAKE... AND THERE IN ALL THE
AMAZEMENT THAT IS POSSIBLE FOR ANY
METAL IS...



THEY ENTER, THEIR HEARTS PUMPING BLOOD THROUGH
THEIR BODIES AT A FURIOUS RATE!



IT MOVES SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, ITS FLASHING TONGUE
DISCLOSING ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE HORROR WITHIN!



...BACK INTO A
FORM THAT WOULD
FRIGHTEN NO
ONE! BUT WHAT
OF THE OTHER
TWO BODIES?
THEY TOO BEGIN
TO CHANGE...
THEIR SKIN
TAKES ON A
HALLOWEEN HUE
...BECOMES
HARD... COLD!



IN LESS THAN A MOMENT IT IS FINISHED. TWO
BODIES LAY UPON THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER,
STIFF AND COLD... AND ANOTHER ONE
BEGINS TO CHANGE ONCE MORE...



HE TURNS THEN, AND WALKS SLOWLY
OUT OF THE TEMPLE... FOR HE IS AN
OLD MAN AND HAS NO USE FOR
GOLD?





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